



THE SIXT

Tragedie of the most graue
and prudent authoꝝ Lucius
Anneus, Seneca, entituled
Troas, with diuers & can-
die additions to the same
Newly set foorth in En-
glish by Iasper Hey-
wood, Student in
Oxford.

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Thomas Powell, for
George Bucke.

QUO TO THE MOSTE HIGH
 and vertuous princeſſe, Elyzabeth by the grace
 of god Queene of England, France, and
 Ireland, defender of the faith, her highnes
 moſt humble and obedient ſubieſte Jaſa
 per Heywood ſtudent in the vni
 verſite of Oxford, wiſſheth
 helth, welth, honour,
 and felicitie.



F conſideration of your
 graces goodnes towarde
 vs all your loving ſubie
 ctes, which ſpyng ſame by
 mowthes of men reſoun
 des had not fully in me re
 preſſed all dreade of reprehension (Moſte noble
 princeſſe, and my drad ſoueraigne Lady) If the
 wiſdome that God at theſe yeres in your high
 nes hath planted, had not ſeemde to me a ſtrōg
 defence againſt all bit of ſhameles arrogance (re
 proche wherof ſlong with diſdainfull wordes
 from irefull tongues, as adders ſtinges ſhoulde
 ſtrike me) finally if the learning with whiche

A ij

GOD

The epistle.

G O D hath endued your maiestie had not ben to me a comfortable perswasion of your gracious fauour towarde the simple giste and dutie of a scholer, I woulde not haue incurred so dangerous note of presumption, in attempting a subiect to his princeesse, a simple scholer to so excellently learned, a rashe yonge man to so noble a Queene by none other signe to signifie allegeance and dutie towarde your highnes saue by writing: when oft times is the pen the only accuser in some pointes of him that therewith doth engite. But now to se (most gracious lady) that thynge come to passe whiche to the honour of him and for the welth of vs god hath ordained, a Princeesse to raigne ouer vs, such one, to whom great freedom is for vs to serue, what ioy may serue to triumphe at that blissefull day, or what should we spare with pen to preache abroad that inward gladnes of hart y floweth from the bresses of vs your most louing subiects beseeching god that it may please him to graunt your grace long and prosperous gouernance of
the

The epistle.

the imperyall crowne of England. Then well vnderstanding how greatly your highnes is delighted in the swete sappe of fine and pure writers, I haue here presumed to offer vnto you such a simple new yeres gift as neither presenteth golde nor perle, but duitie and good will of a scholler, a piece of Seneca translated into Englishe which I the rather enterprise to giue to your highnes, as well for that I thought it should not be vnpleasant for your grace to see some parte of so excellent an author in your owne tong (the reading of whome in laten I vnderstande delightes greatly your maiestie) as also for that none may be a better iudge of my doinges herein, then who best vnderstandeth my author: and the authoritie of your graces fauour toward this my little worke, may be to me a sure defence and shielde against the stinge of reprehending tongues. Which I moste humbly beseeching your highnes ende with praier to god to sende vs long the fruition of so excellent and gracious a Lady.

To the readers.



Although (gentle Reader) thou mayste perhaps thinke me arrogant, for that I onely amonge so many fine wittes, and towardly youth (with which England this day flozisheth) haue enterprised to set forth in englishe, this present piece, of the flowre of all wryters Seneca, as who say not scarpnge what grauer heddes might iudge of me, in attempting so harde a thing, yet vpon wel pondering what next ensueth, I trust both thy self shalt clere thine one suspicion, and thy chaunged opinion, shall iudge of me more rightfull sentence. For neither haue I taken this worke first in hande, as once intending it shoulde come to light (of well doyng wherof I vtterly dispayred) & being done but for mine owne priuate exercise, I am in mine opinion herein blameles, though I haue (to proue my self) pryuately taken the part which pleased me best of so excellent an aucthor, for better is time spent in the best then other, and at first to attempt the hardest wryters, shall make a man more prompt, to translate the easier with more facilitie. But now sith by request, and friendship of those, to whom I coulde deny nothing this worke agaynst my will, extorted is out of my handes, I needes must craue thy patience in readyng, and facilitie of iudgement: when thou shalt aparatly see, my wittes lacke of learning, praying thee to consider, how hard a thyng it is for me, to touche at ful in al pointes

The preface.

tes, the authours minde, (being in many places very harde and doubtfull and the worke muche corrupted by the defaute of euill printed booke) and also how farre aboue my powre, to keepe that grace, and maiestie of stile, that Seneca doth, when both so excellent a writer, hath past the reache of all imitation, and also this our english tong (as many thinke and I here finde) is farre vnable, to compare with the latten, but thou (good reader) if I in any place, haue swerued from the true sence, or not kept the royaltie of speche, meet for a tragedie, impute the tone to my youth: and lacke of iudgement, the other to my lacke of eloquence. Now as concerning sondry places augmented and some altered in this my translation. First forasmuch as this worke seemed vnto me, in some places vnperfite (whether left so of the authour or part of it lost as time deuoureth all thinges I wot not) I haue (where I thought good,) with addicion of mine own pen, supplied the want of some things, as the first Chorus, after the first acte beginning thus. O ye to whom &c. Also in the second act I haue added the speche of Achilles spright, rising from hel to require the sacrifice of Polixena beginninge in this wise. Forsakynge now &c. Againe the thre laste stauces of the Chorus after the same acte, and as for the thirde Chorus whiche in Seneca beginneth thus, Que vocat sedes? For as much, as nothing is therein but a heaped noumbe of farre

The p[re]face.

and straunge countreies, consideryng with my
selfe, that the names of so many unknowne
countreies, mountaines desertes, and woods
shoulde haue no grace in the english tongue,
but be a straunge and vnpleasant thing to the
readers, (except I shoulde expounde the histo-
ries of eche one, which woulde be farre to tedis-
ous) I haue in the place therof, made a nother
beginning in this maner. ¶ Thou that leadst.
sc. Which alteration may be borne withal, se-
yng that Logus is no parte of the substance of
the matter. In the rest I haue for my slender
learnynge, endeavored to kepe touche with the
Latten, not worde for worde or verse for verse
as to expounde it, but neglectyng the placing
of the wordes obserued their sere. Take gentle
reader this in good woorth, with all his fau-
tes: fauour my first beginnynge, and amende
rather with good will, such thinges as herein
are amis, then to dep[re]cave or discōmende my
labour and paines, for the fautes, scinge that
I haue herein, but onely made way to o-
ther that can farre better do this or like
desirynge them that as they can, so
they woulde. Farre well gen-
tle reader, and accept
my good
will,

The p̄face to the tragedie.

The ten yeres siege of Troy, who list to here
And of thaffaires, that there befell in fight
Reade ye the woꝝkes, that long since wꝛitten were,
Of all thaffautes and of that latest night,
When Turrets tops, in Troy they blased bright
Good clerkes they were, that haue it wꝛitten well
As for this woꝝke, no woꝝde therof doth tell.

But dares Phrygian, well can all repoꝛte
With dicties eke of Crete in greckish tong
And Homere telles, to Troy the Greekes resort
In scanned verse, and Maro hath it long
Eche one in wit hath pend a stoꝝy long
Who doubtles of ought, and wisth care to know
These antique authoꝛs, shall the stoꝝy know,

The ruines twaine of Troy, the cause of eche
The glitteryng helmes, in fieldes banners spꝛed
Achilles pyes, and Hector's fightes they teache
There may the iestes of many a knight be red,
Patroclus, Pyrrhus, Ajax, Diomed,
With Troilus, Parus, many other moꝛe,
That day by day, there fought in feld full soꝛe.

And how the Greekes at ende an engine made
A hugie hoꝛse where many a warlike knight,
Enclōsed was, the Troians to invade
With Synons craft, when Greekes had fained flight
While close they lay, at Tenedos from sight,
Oꝛ how Eneas els as othel say,
And false Antenor did the towne betray.

But

The preface.

But as for me, I nought thereof endight,
Mine author hath not all that story pend,
My pen his wordes in english must resight,
Of latest woes that fell on Troy at ende,
What finall fates the cruell god could sende.
And how the Greekes when Troy was burnt, gan worke
Their ire on Troians, thereof shall I speake.

Not I with speare who pearced was in fildes,
Whose throte there cut, or head proued was
Re bloudshed blowes, that rent bothe targe and shield
shall I resight, all that I ouer pas.
The worke I wright, more wofull is alas,
For I the mothers teares must here complaine,
And bloud of babes, that gikles haue been claine.

And such as yet, coulde neuer weapon wright,
But on the lappe are woonte to dandled be,
Re yet forgotten had the mothers brest,
How greekes them slew, alas here shall ye se,
To make reporte thereof, ay woe is me,
My song is mischief, murder misery,
And hereof speakes, this dolfull tragedie.

Thou fury fell, that from thy deepest den
Couldst cause this wrath of hell, on Troy to light,
That workest woe, guide thou my hand and pen,
In weeping verse of sobbes and sighes to wright,
As doth mine author them bewaile aright,
Helpe wofull Muse for me besemeth well
Of others teares, with weeping eye to tell.

When

The preface.

When battred were to ground the towres of Troy
In wite as auncient authours do relight,
And Greekes againe repayde to seas with ioy,
Up riseth here from hell Achilles spight.
Vengeance he craues with blood his death to quight.
Whome Varys had in Phebus temple slaine,
With guile betrayd for loue of Polyxene.

And wrathe of hell there is none other price
That may asswage: but blood of her alone
Polyxena he craues for sacrifice,
With threatnings on the grecians many one
Except they shed her blood before they gone.
The spightes the hell, and deepest pittes bincathe,
O virgin dere, alas, do thrust thy death.

And Hectors sonne, Astyanax, alas,
Howe seely foole his mothers onely ioy,
Is iudge to die by sentence of Calchas
Alas the while, to death is led the boy,
And tumbled downe from Turrets tops in Troy.
What ruthfull teares may serue to wayle the wor,
Of Hectors wife that doth her childe forgoe.

Her pinching pang of harte, who may expresse,
But such as of like woes, haue bozne a parte?
O: who bewaile her ruthfull heuinesse
That neuer yet hath felt therof the smart?
Full well they wote the woes of heauy hart.
What is to leese a babe from mothers brest,
They know that are in such a case distressed.

first

The preface.

First how the Queene laments the fall of Troy,
As hath mine author done, I shall it wright
Next how from Hectors wife they led the boy
To die, and her complaints I shall resight,
The Maydens death then must I last endight.
Now who that list the Queenes complaint to heare,
In folowynge verse, it shall forthwith appeare.

The speakers in this tragedie.

Hecuba Queene of Troy.
A company of women.
The spright of Achilles.
Calthypius, a Grecian.
Agamemnon, kyng of Greekes.
Calchas.
Pyrrhus.
Thorus.
Andromacha.
An olde man Troian.
Ulysses.
Astranax.
Helena.
The messenger.

TROAS OF SENECA.

The first acte,

Hecuba.



So so in pompe of proude estate,
oz kingdome sets delight :

Who that ioyes in princes court
to beare the sway of might.

He dyedes the fates which from aboue
the waueryng gods downe flinges:

But fast assaunce fixed hath,
in frowle and fickle thinges :

Let him in me both see the face,
of fortunes flatteryng ioy:

And che respect the ruthfull ende,
of thee (O ruinous Troy)

For neuer gaue the plainer prooffe,
then this ye present se:

How fraile and brittle is the state,
of pride and high degree.

The flowze of flowzyng Asia, loe
whose fame the heauens resounde,

The worthy woozke of gods aboue,
is bated downe to grounde.

And whose assautes they sought afaire,
from west with banners spreadde,

Where Tanais colde her braunches leuen,
abode the worlde doth shedde.

With hugie host and from the east,
where springes the newest dea,

Where Luke warme Tygris chanull rungs,
and meetes the ruddy sea.

End

Treas

And which from wanderyng lande of Scythie,
the bande of widowes sought:

With fire and swoorde thus battred be,
her turrets downe to nought.

The walles but late of high renowne
loe here their ruinous fall:

The buildynges burne and flashyng flame,
sweepes throughe the palays all.

Thus every house full hie it smokes,
of olde Assaracks lande:

He yet the flame withholdes from spoyle,
the greedy victours hande.

The surging smoke the azure skie,
and light hath hid away:

And (as with cloude beset) troyes as
thes staynes the dusky day.

Throughe pearst with ire and greedy of hart,
the victor from a farre.

Doth bewee the long assanted Troy,
the gayne of ten yeres warre.

And eke the miseries therof,
abhoyres to looke vpon,

In though he see it yet scant himselfe,
believes it might be won,

The spoiles therof with greedy hand,
they snatche and beare away:

A thousand shippes would not receiue
a boorde: so huge a pray.

The yrefull might I do protest,
of goddes aduerser to me,

My contries dust, and Troiane kyng,
I call to witnes thee.

Whom

of Seneca.

Whom Troy now hides and vnderneath
the stones, arte ouer trode:

With all the gods that guide thy ghost,
and Troy that lately stode.

And you also ye flockyng ghostes,
of all my childzen dere:

Ye lesser sprighes: what euer ill,
hath hapned to vs here.

What euer Phebus waterish face,
in fury hath forsayde:

At raging rise from seas, when erste,
the monstres had him frayde.

In childbed bandes I saw it poze,
and wist it should be so:

And I in vaine before Lallans
dza tolde it long ago.

Not false Mythes kindled hath
these fires, nor none of his:

Not yet deceitfull Minons craft,
that hath bin cause of this.

My fire it is wherewith ye burne,
and Darps is the brande:

That smoketh in thy towres (O Troy)
the flowze of Phrygian lande.

But ay alas unhappy age,
why dost thou yet so soze,

Bewayle thy contries fatall fall,
thou knewest it long before.

Beholde thy last calamities,
and them bewayle with teares:

Account as olde Troies ouerturne:
and past by many yeares.

I come

Troas

I saw the slaughter of the kyng,
and how he lost his life:
By chauncers side (more mischief was)
With stroke of Iphyrus knife.
When in his hande he wounde his lockes,
and drew the kyng to grounde.
And hid to hyltes his wicked sworde,
in deepe and deadly wounde.
Which when the goyed kyng had toke,
as willing to be slaine,
Cut of the olde mans throte he drew,
his bloody blade againe.
Not pittie of his percs alas,
in mans extremest age:
From slaughter might his hand withhold,
ne yet his pryce allwage:
The gods are witnes of the same
and eke the sacrifices,
That in his kyngdome halden was,
that flat on grounde now lies.
The father of so many kinges
Pyram of auncient name,
Untombed lath and wants in blase
of Troy: his funerall flame.
Ne yet the gods are wreake, but loe
his sonnes and daughters all,
Such lordes they serue as doth by chance
of lot, to them befall.
Whom shall I follow now for praye?
or where shall I be led?
There is perhaps among the greekes,
that Hectors wife will wed,

Frome

of Seneca.

Some man despyes Helenus spouse
Some would Antenor haue,
And in the grekes there wantes not some,
that woulde Cassandra craue.
But I alas most wofull wight,
whom no man seekes to chuse,
I am the only refuge left,
and me they cleane refuse,
Ye carefull captiue company
why stint? your wofull crie?
Seate on your brestes and piteously
complaine with voyce so hie,
As meete may be for Troyes estate,
let your complaintes rebounde
In tops of trees: and cause the hils,
to ryng with terrible sounde.

The seconde scene.

The women. Hecuba.



Nott folke vnapt, nor new to weepe (O queene)
thou wilt to waile, by practise are we taught
For al these yeres, in such case haue we bene
since first the Troian guest, Amphylos taught
And said the seas, that ledde him on his way
with sacred ship, to Cibell dedicate
From whence he brought, his vnrepnyng pray,
the cause alas, of all this dyre debate
Ten times now hid, the hils of Idey bee,
with snow of siluer hewe, all ouer layde.
And bared is, for Troian roges eche tree,
ten times in feelde, the haruest men asrayde,

Troas

The spikes of coine hath reapt, since neuer day
his waylyng wantes, new cause renews our wo.
Lift vp thy hand, (O queene) crie well away:
we follow thee, we are well taught therto.

H E C. ¶ Ye faithfull fellowes of your casualtie
Tinie thattyme, that on your heades ye weare,
And as behoueth state of misery,
let fall about your wofull neckes, your heare.
In dust of Troy, rub al your armes about,
in flacker weede, and let your brestes be tide
Downe to your bellies, let your limmes lie out,
for what widdlocke should you your bosomes hide?
Your garmentes loose, and haue in readines
your furious handes, vpon your brestes to knocke
This habite well becometh our distres
it pleaseth me, I know the Troian flocke
Renew again your long accustomed cries
and more then carke, lament your miseries.

We bewaile Hector.

V V O. ¶ Our heare we haue vntide, now euery chone
All rent for sorowes of our cursed race
our lockes out spreades, the knots we haue vndone
And in these ashes stained is our face.

H E C. ¶ Fill vp your handes & make therof no spare,
for this yet lawfull is, from Troy to take,
Let downe your garmentes from your shoulders bare
and suffre not your clamour so to stake.

Your naked brestes wait for your handes to smight
now dolour depe, now sorow, Mew thy might
Make all the coastes that compas Troy about
witness the sound, of all your carefull crie
Cause from the caues, the echo to cast out

of Seneca.

Rebounding voyce of all your misery:

not as the wontes, the latter woordes to sounds
But all your woe, from farre let it rebounde
let all the seas it heare, and eke the land

Spare not your bestes with heauy stroke to strike
beate ye your selues, eche one with cruell hand
For yet your wonted crie doth me not like

We bewaile Hector.

VV O. Our naked armes, thus here we rent for thee,
and blouddy shouldres, (Hector) thus we teare:

Thus with our fistes, our heades lo beaten bee
and all for thee, behold we hale our heare.

Our dugges alas, with mothers handes be torne
and where the fleshe is wounded round about

Which for thy sake, we rent thy deach to moine
the flowpng streames of blood, they spring therout.

Thy countreys Moze, and destinies delay,
and thou to weered Troians wast an ayde.

I wall thou wast, and on thy shouldres Troy
ten peres it stode: on thee alone it staide,

With thee it fell: and fatall day alas
of Hector both, and Troy but one there was.

H & C. Enough hath Hector: turne your plaint & mone
and shed your teares for I prayne euey chone.

VV O. Receiue our plaintes, O lord of Ilygian land
and old wise captiue king, receiue our feare,

While thou wert king, Troy hurtles then could stand
though taken twyle, with Grecian sword it weare,

And wise did not of Hercules quier beare.
at latter los of Hecubes sonnes all

And roges for kinges, that high on piles we reare:
thou father shutt our latest funerall.

Troas

And beaten downe, to Ioue for sacrifices.

like liuelles blocke, in Troy thy carcas lies.

H E C. ¶ Yet turne ye once your teares, another way,
my Pyrrams death, Would not lamented be:

¶ Troians all, full happy is Pyrrame say,
for free from bondage, downe descended he,

To the lowest ghostes: and neuer shall sustaine
his captiue necke, with Greekes to poked be

He neuer shall, beholde the Atrides twaine
nor false Ulysses ruer shall he se,

Not he a pray, for Greekes to triumphe at
his neck shall subiect, to their conquests beare

He giue his handes, to tie behinde his backe
that to the rule of scepters wonted weare

For folowynge Agameimnons chare, in bande
shall he be pompe, to proude Mycenas lande.

V V O. ¶ Full happy Pyrrame is, eche one wee say
that tooke with him his kingdome, then that stode

Now safe in Made, he seekes the wandryng way
and treads the pathes of all Elizius woode,

And in the blessed spites, full happie hee,
again there seekes, to merite with Hectors ghoste.

Happie Pyrrame, happie who so may see,
his kingdome all, at ones with him be losse.

Chorus added to the tragedie,
by the translatour.

○ Ye to whom, the lord of land and seas,
of life and death, hath graunted here the powre
Lay downe your lofty looks, your pride appeare
the crowned king, fleeth not his fatall howre.

Who

of Seneca.

Who so thou be, that leadst thy land alone
thy life was limite, from thy mothers wombe,
Not purple robe, not glorious glittering throne,
ne crowne of golde, redeemes thee from the tombe:
King he was, that waitpng for the bayle,
of him that slew, the Minotaure in fight:
Segilde with blackenes, of the wonted sayle
in seas him sonke, and of his name they hight.
So he that wilde, to win the golden spoyle
and first with ship, by seas to seeke renowne,
In lesser waue, at length to death gan boyle,
and thus the daughters, brought their father downe:
whose songes, the woodes hath drawen, and rivers held,
and birdes to heare his notes, did theirs forsake,
In peece meale throwne, amid the Thracian feelde,
without returne hath sought the Helgian lake.
They sit aboue, that holde our life in line,
and what wee suffer, downe they flyng from hie
No carke, no care, that euer may vntwine
the threds, that wouen are aboue the skie,
As witnest he, that sometime king of Greece,
had Jason thought, in drenching seas to drowne
Who scape both death, and gaynde the golden fleere,
whom fates aduance, ther may no powre pluck downe
The highest God, sometime that Saturne hight
his fall him taught to credit their decies
The rule of heauens: he lost it by their might
and Ioue his sonne, now turnes the rolling skies.
Who weeneth here to win eternall welth,
let him behold this present perfit pzoofe,
And learne, the secrete steppe, of chaunces stelth,
most nere alas, when most it comes aloofe.

Troas

In Slipper top, let no man put his trust
let none dispayre, that heauy happes hath past
The sweete with sowre, he mingleth as the lust
whose doubtfull web, pretendeth nought to last.
Fraitie is the third, that Glothors rocke hath sponne,
now from the distasse drawne, now knapt in twaine
With all the world, at length his end he wonne,
whose work? haue wrought, his name shold gret remain
And he, whose trauelles, twelue, his name display,
that feared nought, the force of worldly hurt,
In fine alas hath founde his fatall day,
and died with smart of Dianpraes Murt,
If pious might eternitie procure,
then Dyame yet should liue in lpyng lust
By roisly pompe of pride, thou art vnure
to learne by him, O kinges ye are but dust.
And Hecuba that wayleth now in care,
that was so late of high estate a Queene
A mirrour is, to teache you what you are
your waueryng welch, O princes, here is scene.
Whom dawne of day, hath seen in high estate
befoze sonnes set, alas hath had his fall
The cradelles rocke, apointes the life his date
from settled ioy, to sodain funerall.

The seconde acte.

The sprite of Achilles added to the tragidie by the translatour.

The

The first Iccane.

Forsakyng now the places tenebrous,
And deepe dennes of th infernall regione
From all the Madowes of elisions
That wander there the pathes full many one,
Lo, here am I returned all alone,
The same Achill whose ferce and heavy hand
Of all the world, no wight might yet withstand.

What man so stout of all the Grecians host,
That hath not somtime craued Achilles ayde,
And in the Grecians, who of prowes most
That hath not ferde to see my banners splaide
Achilles lo, hath made them all afraide.
And in the Grekes hath been a pillar post,
That sturdy stode against their Troiane host.

Where I haue lackte, the Grecians went to wache
Troy hath proued what Achilles sword could do
Where I haue come the Troians fled a backe,
Retirynge fast from field their walles vnto,
No man that might Achilles stroke fordo,
I dealt such stripes amid the Troian route,
That with their bloud I stainde the fieldes about.

Mighty Memnon, that with his Persian bande,
Would by pames part with all might maintayne
Lo now he lyeth and knoweth Achilles hand
Amid the field is Troilus also slayne.
Ye Hector great, whom Troy accounted playne
The flower of chivalry that might be found,
All of Achilles had their mortall wound.

Troas

But Paris lo, such was his false disceite,
Pretendyng mariage of Polyreine,
Behinde the aulter lay for me in wayte
Where I vnwares haue falne into the traine
And in Appolloes church he hath me slaine
Wherof the hell will now iust vengeance haue,
And here againe, I come my right to craue.

The depe Auerne my rage may not sustayne,
Nor beare the angers of Achilles spight
From Acheront, I rent the spoyle in twayne
And through the ground, I grate againe to sight
Hell could not hide Achilles from the light,
Vengeans and bloud doth Orcus pit require,
To quench the furies of Achilles pye.

The hatefull land, that worse then Tartare is
And burning thurst excedes of Cantalus,
I here beholde againe, and Troy is this
O, trauell worse, then stone of Silyphus
And paines that passe the panges of Citrus
To light more lothsome furie hath me sent
Then hooked wheele, that Ixions flesh doth rent.

Remembred is alowe where sprites do dwell
The wicked slaughter wrought by wply way,
Not yet reuenged hath the depe hell,
Achilles bloud on them that did him slay
But now of vengeans come the yrefull day
And darkest denues of Tartare from beneath
Conspire the fautes, of them that wrought my death.

Now

of Seneca.

Now mischief, murder, wrath of hell draweth nere
And dyre Phlegethon floud doth bloud require
Achilles death shall be reuenged here
With slaughter such as Stygian lakes desyre
Her daughters bloud shall slake the spzites yre,
Whose sonne we slew, wherof doth yet remaine,
The wrath beneath, and hell shall be their payne.

From burning lakes the furies wrath I threate,
And fier that nought but streames of bloud may slake
The rage of winde and seas these shippes shall beate,
And Ditis depe on you shall vengeance take,
The spzites crie out, the earth and seas do quake
The poole of Styx, vngatefull Grekes it seath,
With slaughtred bloud reuenge Achilles death.

The soyle doth make to beare my heauy foote
And fearth againe the sceptours of my hand
The poales with stroke of thunderclap ring out
The doubtfull starres amid their course do stand,
And fearfull Phebus hides his blasing brand.
The trembling lakes against their course do flite,
For dreade and terrour of Achilles spzite.

Great is the ransom, ought of dewe to me,
Wherwith ye must the spzites, and hell appease,
Polyxena shall sacrificed be,
Upon my tombe, their yrefull wrath to please,
And with her bloud, ye shall asswage the sease
Your ships may not returne to Greece againe
Till on my tombe Polyxena be claine.

And

Troas

And for that he should then haue been my wife,
I will that Pyrrhus render her to me,
And in such solemne sort byseeue her life,
As ye are wont the weddinges for to se,
So shall the wrath of hell appeased be,
Nought els but this may satisfie our pye,
Her will I haue, and her I you require.

The seconde scene.

Talthybius. Chorus.

Alas how long the lingryng greekes
in heauen do make delay,
When either war by seas they seeke
or home to pas their way.

CHO. Why Mew what cause doth hold your ships:
and Grecian nauie stapes,
Declare if any of the gods
haue kept your homeward wayes.

TAL. My minde is made my tremblyng sinnewes
quake and are afearde,
For straunger newes of trueth then these
I thinke were neuer hearde.
So I my self haue plainly scene,
in dawning of the day,
When Phebus first gan to appoche,
and dzyue the starres away.
The earth all shaken sodeinly
and from the hollow ground,
My thought I heard with rozyng Erie
a deepe and dreadfull sounde.

That

of Seneca.

That Moke the woodes and all the trees
rong out with thunder & roke,
From Ida hilles downe fell the stones
the moutain tops wer broake.
And not the earth hath only quakte
but all the sea likewise,
Achilles presence felt and knew
and high the surges rise
The clouen ground Erebus pitt?
then shewed and depest dennes,
That downe to Goddess that guide beneath,
the way appearde from hence.
Then Moke the tombe from whence anon
in flame of fyrie light,
Appeareth from the hollow caues
Achilles noble spight.
As wonted he his Thracian armes
and banneres to disploye
And welde his weighty weapons well,
against chaultes of Troie
The same Achilles seemed he than
that he was wont to be
Amid the hostes, and easely could
know, that this was he.
With carkas claine in furious fight
that stopt and filde eche floud,
And who slaughter of his hand
made Eanthus runne with bloud,
As when in chariote high he sat
with lofty stomacke stought.
While Hector both and Troy at once
he drew the walles aboutt,

London

Troas

Blowde he ride and every coaste,
rang with Achilles sound
And thus with hollow voice he spake,
from bottome of the ground.
The grekes Mall not with little pꝛice
redeeme Achilles pꝛe,
A princely raunsome must they geue,
foꝛ so the fates require.
Wnto my ashes Polixene,
spoused Mall here be claine,
By Pyrrhus hand, and all my tombe
her bloud Mall ouerstaine.
This said, he straight sanke downe againe
to Plutoes depe region,
The earth then clode the hollow caues
were vanished and gone.
Therwith the wether waxed clere,
the raging windes did slake,
The lomblyng seas began to rest,
and all the tempest brake.

The third sceane.

Pyrrhus. Agamemnon.
Calchas.



That time our sayles wee should haue spꝛed,
vpon Hygeon seas,
With swift returne from long delay,
to seeke our homeward wayes.

Achilles

of Seneca.

Achilles rose whose onely hand,
hath geuen grekes the spoyle.
Of Troia soze annoyde by him
and leueld with the spoyle.
With speede requightyng his abode
and fozmer longe delay,
At Scyros yle and Lesbos both,
amid the Egeon sea.
Till he came here in doubte it stode,
of fall oz sure estate
Then though ye hast to graunt his will,
ye shall it geue to late.
Now haue the other captaines all,
the pze of their manhood,
What els rewarde foz his pzwes,
then her all onely blood?
Tre his desertes thinke you but light,
that when he might haue fled,
And passyng Pelyus peres in peace,
a quiet life haue led,
Detected yet his mothers craftes,
fozsooke his womans weede,
And with his weapons pzoued himself,
a manly man in deede:
The king of Mysia Telephus
that would the grekes withstande,
Compynge to Troy fozbiddynge vs,
the passage of his land.
To late repenting to haue felt,
Achilles heauy stroke,
Was glad to craue his health againe,
where he his hurt had toke.

Troas

For when his soze might not be salued
as tolde Appollo plaine,
Except the speare that gaue the hurt
restored helpe againe.
Achilles plasters cured his cuttes
and saved the kyng aliue
His hand both might and mercy knew
to slay and then reuiue.
When hebes fell: Etion saw it
and might it not withstande,
The captiue king could nought redyes
the ruine of his lande.
Apynesus little likewise felt
his hande and downe it fill,
With ruine ouerturned like
from top of haughty hill.
And taken Byzels land it is
and pylsoner is she caught
The cause of strife betwene the kinges
is Chyzes come to naught.
Tenedos yle well knowne by fame
and fertile soyle he tooke
That fostreth fatte the Thracian flockes
and sacred Cilla Mooke.
What bootes to blase the hute of him
whom trompe of fame doth shew,
Through all the coastes where Caicus floud
with swelling streame doth flow?
The ruthfull ruine of these realmes
so many townes bette downe,
Another man would glozy counts
and woorthy great renowne.

But

of Seneca.

But thus my father made his way
and these his iourneys are,
And battayles many one he fought,
while warre he doth prepare.
As wist I may his merites moze
shall yet not this remayne.
Well known and counted playse enoughe
that he hath Hector clayne?
Durynge whose life the Grecians all
might neuer take the towne
My father only vanquishd Troy
and you haue blucht it downe,
Reioyse I may your parentes praise
and brute abroad his actes
It semeth the sonne to folow well
his noble fathers actes,
In sight of Pryame Hector slaine
and Memnon both they lay.
With heauy cheere his parentes waylde
to mourne his dyng day.
Himself abhorde his handy worke
in fight that had them slaine
The sonnes of Loddus Achilles knew
wer bozne to die againe.
The woman queene of Amasons
that greede the Greekes full soze
Is turnde to flight then cast our feare
we drad their bowes no moze,
If ye well way his worthines
Achilles ought to haue
Though he from Argos or Myres
nes would a virgin craue.

Donde

Troas

Doubt ye herein? allow ye not
that streight his will be don.

And count ye cruel Pyrames bloud
to geue to Peleus sonne?

For Helens sake your own childes bloud,
appeale Dyanaes pye,

I wonted thing and done ere this,
it is that I require.

A G. ¶ The onely faulte of youth it is
not to refraine his rage,

The fathers bloud already sturres,
in Pyrames wanton age

Somtime Achilles grievous checks
I bare with patient hart,

The more thou mayst the more thou oughtest,
to suffre in good part.

Whereto would ye with slaughtred bloud
a noble spirite stayne?

Thinke what is mete the grekes to doo
and troians to sustayne.

The proude estate of tiranie
may neuer long endure.

The king that rules with modest meane
of safetie may be sure.

The higher steepe of princely state
that fortune hath vs sinde,

The more behouthe a happy man
humilitie of minde,

And dread the chaunge that chaunce may bring
whose giftes so soone be losse

And chiefly then to feare the gods,
while they the fauour molt.

of Seneca.

In beating downe that warre hath wonne. X
by prooffe I haue ben taught.

What pompe and pride, in twinke of eye,
may fall and come to naught.

Troy made me fierce and proude of minde,

Troy makes me frayde with all:

The Greekes now stande where Troy late fell,
eche thing may haue his fall.

Sometime I graunt I did my selfe,

and sceptors proudly beare,

The thyng that might aduance my harte,
makes me the moze to feare.

Thou Pyrame perfit prooffe present,
thou art to me eldsones:

A cause of pride, a glas of feare,
a mirrour for the nones.

Should I account the sceptors ought,
but glorious vanities?

Muche like the borrowed brayded here,
the face to bewtefie.

One sodaine chaunce may turne to naught,
and maime the might of men,

With fewer then a thousande Shippes,
and peres in les then ten.

Not he that guides the clipper wheele,
of fate, doth so delay:

That he to all possession graantes,
of ten peres settled Ray.

With leaue of Greece I will confesse,

I would haue wonne the towne,

But not with ruine thus extreme,
to se it beaten downe.

E

But

Troas

But loe the battell made by night
and rage of feruent minde,
Could not abide the bridelyng bitte
that reason had assinde.

The happy swoord once staynde with blood
vnfaciable is,

And in the darke the feruent rage
doth strike thee more amis.

Now ere we weake on Troy to much
let all that may remayne.

A virgin borne of princes blood
for offryng to be slayne

And geuen be, to staine the tombe
and ashes of the ded,

And vnder name of wedlocke se
the gileles blood be shed,

I will not graunt: for mine should bee
therof both faute and blame,

Who when he may forbiddeth not
offence: doth will the same.

Pyr. ¶ And shall his spightes haue no rewarde
their angers to appease?

Ag. ¶ Yes very great, for all the world
shall celebrate his prayse.

And landes vnkowne that neuer saw
the man so praisde by fame,

Shall here and keepe for many yeres,
the glory of his name.

It bloodshed dayle his ashes ought
strike of an Ores hed,

And let no blood that may be cause
of mothers teares be shed.

What

of Seneca.

What furious frantie may this be
that doth your will so leade,
This earnest carefull sute to make
in trauayle for the deader?
Let not such enuy towarde your eas
ther in your hart remaine,
That for his sacrifice ye woulde
procure an others paine.

Pyr. ¶ Proude tirant while prosperitie
thy stomacke doth aduance,
And cowardly wretch that shrink? for feare
in case of fearfull chaunce.

Is yet againe thy brest enflamde,
with brande of Venus might?
Wilt thou alone so oft depyrre
Achilles of his right?

This hand shall geue the sacrifice
the whiche if thou withstande.

A greater slaughter shall I make,
and worthy Pyrrhus hande.

And now to long from princes slaugh-
ter doth my hande abide,

And meeete it were that Polyreine
were layde by Pyrrhus side.

Ag. ¶ I nought deny but Pyrrhus chiefe
renowne: in warre is this,

That Pyrram slaine with cruell swoorde,
to your father humbled is.

Pyr. My fathers foes we haue them knowne,
submit themselves humbly,

And Pyrram presently ye wote,
was glad to craue mercy.

But thou for feare not stout to rule,
liest close from foes vp Mt :

While thou to Iar and Uli-
ses, dooste thy will commit.

A G. ¶ But needes I must and will confesse
your father did not feare :

When burnt our flecte with Hector's bandes
and Greekes they slaughtred weare.

Whyle loytring then a loofe he lay,
vnmindfull of the fight.

In steade of armes with scratche of quill,
his soundyng harpe to smight.

P Y R. ¶ Great Hector then despising the
Achilles songes did feare:

And Thessale shippes in greatest drede,
in quiet peace yet weare.

A G. ¶ For why aloofe the Thessale flecte,
they lay from Trolans bandes,

And well your father might haue rest,
he felt not Hector's bandes.

P Y R. ¶ Well seemes a noble king to giue
an other king reliefe.

A G. ¶ Why hast thou then a worthy kyng
berieued of his life?

P Y R. A point of mercy sometime is,
what liues in care to kill.

A G. ¶ But now your mercy moueth you
a virgins death to will.

P Y R. ¶ Account ye cruell now her death
whose sacrifice I craue.

Your own dere daughter once ye know,
your self to thaulters gaue.

of Seneca.

A G. Naught els could save the Greekes from seas, X
but thonly bloud of her:

A kyng before his childzen ought,
his countrey to prefer,

P Y R. The law doth spare no captives bloud
noz wilthe their death to stay.

A G. That which the law doth not forbid, X
yet shame doth ofte say nay.

P Y R. The conquerour what thyng he list,
may lawfully fulfill.

A G. So muche the les he ought to list,
that may do what he will.

P Y R. Thus boast ye these as though in all
ye onely bare the stroke:

When Prychus loosed hath the greekes,
from bonde of ten yeres poke.

A G. Hath Prychus ple such stomak? bred?

P Y R. No brethrens wrath it knowes.

A G. Beset about it is with waue.

P Y R. The seas: it do enclose.

Thyestes noble Roche I know,
and Treus eke full well,

And of the brethrens dire debate,
perpetuall fame doth tell.

A G. And thou a bastarde of a mayde,
defloured privately.

Whom (then a boy) Achilles gat,
in filchy lechery.

P Y R. The same Achill that doth posses,
the raigne of goddes aboue,

With Thyets seas: with Lacus spightes,
the starred heauen with Ioue.

Troas

Agz. ¶ The same Achilles that was claine,
by stroke of Paris bande.

Pyr. ¶ The same Achilles, whom no god,
durst euer yet withstande.

Agz. ¶ The stoutest man I rather would,
his cheekes he should refrayne

I could euen tame, but all your bragges,
I can full well sustaine.

For euen the captiues spares my sword:
let Calchas called bee.

If denies require her blood,
I will thereto agree.

Calchas whose counsell ruide our Shippes,
and nauy hither brought,

Unlokt the poale and haff by arte,
the secretes therof sought.

To whom the bowelles of the heauens,
to whom the thunder claps,

And blasynge scarre with flaming traine,
betokeneth what shall hap.

Whose wordes with dearest price I bought,
now tell vs by what meane,

The will of Gods agreeth that we
returne to Grece againe.

Cal. ¶ The fates apoint the Grekes to bite
their waies with wonied price.

And with what cost ye came to Troy,
ye shall repayre to Grece

With blood ye came, with blood ye must,
from hence returne againe,

And where Achilles ashes lieth,
the virgin shall be claine,

of Seneca.

In seemely sort of habite, such
as maydens wout ye le,
Of Thessalie, or Mycenas els,
what time they wedded be.
With Pyrrhus hande she shall be claine,
of right it shalbe so.
And meete it is that he the sonne,
his fathers right should do.
But not this only stayeth our Mippes,
our sayles may not be spzed,
Before a worthier bloud then thine,
(Polixena) be shed.
Which thirst the fates, for Priames nes
phew, Hectors little boy:
The Grekes shall tumble hedlong downe,
from highest towre in Troy.
Let him there die, this only way
ye shall the gods appeas,
Then spread your thousand sayles with ioy,
ye neede not feare the seas.

Chorus.

My this be true or doth the fable sayne,
When corpe is dead the sprite to liue as yet?
when death our ypes with heauyn hand doth strain
And fatall day our leames of light hath Met,
And in the tombe, our ashes once be set,
Hath not the soule likewise his funerall,
But still alas do wretches liue in thzall?

O: els doth all at once together die:
And may no part his fatall howze delay.

In

Exit

But

TYOAS

But with the breath the soule from hence doth flie,
And the cloudes to vanishe quite away,
As danky shade fleeth from the poale by day,
And may no iote escape from dekenie,
When once the bzande hath burnde the bodye:

What euer then the rise of sunne may see,
And what the weste that sett? the sunne doth know,
In all Neptuneus raigne what euer bee,
That restless seas doe washe and ouer flow,
With purple waues still combling to and fro.
Age shall consume: eche thyng that liueth shall die,
With swifter race then Pegasus doth flie.

And with what whyzle, the twise sixe signes do flie,
With course as swift, as rectour of the spheares,
Doth guide those glistering globes eternallie,
And hecate her chaunged hoznes repeares,
So draughte on death, and life of eche thing weares,
And neuer may the man, retourne to sight,
That once hath felt the stroke of Parcas might.

For as the fame that from the fire doth pas,
With tourne of hande, doth vanishe out of sight
And swifter then the nozthen Bozcas,
With whirling blast and storme of ragyng might,
Drieth far away and puttes the cloudes to flight,
So fleeth the spright that rules our life away,
And nothyng tarieyth after dying day.

Swift is the race we runne, at hande the mark,
Lay downe your hope, that weight here ought to win,
And

of Seneca.

And who breeds ought, cast of thy carefull carke,
Wilt thou it wotte what state thou shalt be in,
When dead thou art: as thou hadst neuer bin.
For greedy time it doth deuour vs all,
The worlde it swayes to Chaos heape to fall.

Death hurtes the corps and spareth not the spright,
And as for all the dennes of Tenare deepe,
With Cerberus kingdome darke that knowes no light,
And streightest gates, that he there sits to keepe,
They fantasies are, that follow folke by sleepe
Such rumours vaine, but fained lies they are,
And fables, like the dreames in heauy care.

These three stauies followyng are
added by the translatour.

○ Dreadfull day: alas the sozr time.
Is come of all the mothers ruthfull wo,
Atianax, alas thy fatall line,
Of life is wzne, to death straight shalt thou go,
The sisters haue decreed it should be so,
There may no force alas escape their hande,
The mighty Ioue their will may not withstande.

To se the mother, her tender childe forsake,
What ientle hart that may from teares refraine,
O! who so fierce that would not pittie take,
To se alas the gittles infant claine.
For sozr hart the teares mine eyes do staine,
To thinke what sorow shall her hart oppresse,
Her little childe to leese remedilesse,

Th

Treas

The double cares of Hector's wife to wayle,
 Good Ladies haue your teares in readines,
 And you with whom should pitie most preuaile.
 Be on her grief: bewaile her heauines.
 With sobbing hart, lament her deepe distress
 When she with teares, shall take leaue of her son,
 And now (good ladies) here what shall be don.

The thirde acte.

Andromacha. Senex.

Vlisses.



As ye carefull company,
 why hale ye thus your heares?
 Why beate you so your boyling breastes
 and staine your eyes with teares?
 The fall of Troy is new to you
 but vnto me not so,
 I haue foresene this carefull case
 er this time longe ago
 When fierce Achilles Hector slew
 and drew the corps abought
 Then then me thought I wist it well,
 that Troy should come to nought.
 In sorowes sonke, I sences am
 and wapt alas in wor,
 But soone except this babe me helde,
 to Hector would I goe.
 This seely foole my stomack tames
 and my misery.
 And in the houre of heauiest happes,
 permittes me not to dy,

This

of Seneca.

This onely cause conſtrayneth me yet
the Gods for him to pray,
With trackt of time prolonges my payne,
delayes my dying day.

He takes fro me the lacke of feare
the onely frute of ill.

For while he liues yet haue I left
wherof to feare me ſtill.

No place is left for better chaunce,
with wooſe we are oppreſt:

To feare alas and ſe no hope,
is worſte of all the reſt.

Sen. ¶ What ſodaine feare thus moues your minde,
and bereth you ſo ſore?

Andr. ¶ Still ſtill alas of one miſhap
there riſeth moze and moze

Not yet the dolefull deſtenies
of Troy become to ende.

Sen. ¶ And what moze grieuous chaunces yet
prepare the gods to ſende?

Andr. ¶ The caues and dens of hell be rent
for Troians greater feare,

And from the bottomes of their tombes
the hidden ſpightes appere.

May none but Greckes alone from hell
returne to life againe?

Would god the fates would finiſhe ſoone
the ſorowes I ſuſtaine.

Death thankfull were, a common care
the Troians all oppreſs,

But me alas amaſeth moſte
the fearefull heauines.

Troas

That all astonied am for dreade,
and horrour of the sight:

That in my sleepe appearede to me,
by dreame this latter night.

Sen. Declare what sightes your dreame hath shewed
and tell what doth you feare.

Andr. Two partes of all the silent night,
almost then passed weare.

And then the clere seven clustred beames
of starres: were fallen to rest.

And first the slepe so long unknowne
my wried eyes opprest.

If this be slepe the astonied mase,
of minde in heauy moode,

When sodenly before mine eyes,
the spright of Hector stode.

Not like as he the Greekes was wont
to battaile to requite

Or when amid the Grecians shippes,
he threw the brandes of fyre.

Not such as raging on the Greekes,
with slaughtering stroke had claine,

And bare in deede the spoyles of him
that did Achilles faine.

His countenance not now so bright.

Not of so lively chere,

But sad and heauy like to owyes
and cladde with vglie heare.

It did me good to se him though,
when making then his hed:

WAKE of thy slepe in hast he sayde,
and quickly leane thy bed.

Conuey

of Seneca.

Conuey into some secreete place,
our sonne, O faithfull wife,
This onely hope there is to helpe,
finde meane to saue his life.
Leaue of thy piteous teares he sayde
doost thou yet wayle for Troy?
Would God it lay on grounde full flatte,
so ye might saue the boy.
Up stirre he sayd thy self in hast
conuey him priuely.
Haue if ye may the tender bloud,
of Hectors progenie.
Then straight in tremblyng feare I wakte
and roulde mine eyes abought
forgetting long my childe, poore wretch,
and after Hector sought.
But straight alas, I wist not how
the spright away did passe,
And me forsoke before I coulde,
my husbände once embrace.
O childe: O noble fathers broode
and Troians only ioye,
O worthy seede of thauncient bloud,
and beaten house of Troye.
O ymage of thy father loe,
thou lively beark his face,
This countenance, loe my Hector had,
and euen such was his pace.
The pitche of all his body such,
his handes thus would he beare:
His shoulders high, his thretnyng browes,
such such as thine they beare.

O sonne

Troas

O sonne : begot to late for Troy
but borne to soone for me,
Shall ever tyme yet come againe
and happy day may be,
That thou mayst once reuenge, and build
againe the towres of Troy,
And to the towne and Troians both
restore their name with ioy:
But why do I, forgettyng state
of present desteny,
So great thinges wishe: enough for cap-
tues is to liue onely
Alas what priue place is left
my little childe to hide?
What seate so secret may be founde
where thou mayst safely bide:
The towne that with the walles of gods
so valiaunt was of might,
Through all the worlde so notable
so flourishing to sight,
Is turnde to dust : and fire hath all
consumde that was in Troy,
Of all the towne not so much now
is left to hide the boy.
What place were best to choose for guile
the holly tombe is heere,
That thenmies sworde will spare to spoile
where lieth my husbande deere,
Which costly worke his father built
kyng Pryame liberall,
And it by raide with charges great
for Hectors funerals,

Herein

of Seneca.

Herein the bones and ashes bothe
of Hector loe they lie,

Best is that I commit the sonne
to his fathers custodie.

A colde and fearefull sweet doth sonne,
thzough out my membrs all,

Blas I carefull wretche do feare,
what chaunce may thee befall.

Sen. Hide him away: this onely way
hath saued many moze,

To make the enmies to beleue,
that they were dead befoze.

He will be sought: scant any hope
remaineth of safenes,

The praise of his nobilitie
doth him so soze oppres.

Andr. What way were best to worke: that none
our doynges might bewray?

Sen. Let none beare witness what ye doe
remoue them all away.

Andr. What if the enmies aske me: where
Astianax doth remaine?

Sen. Then shall ye boldely aunswere make
that he in Troy was slaine.

Andr. What shall it helpe to haue him hid?
at length they will him finde.

Sen. At first the enmies rage is fierce
delay doth slake his minde.

Andr. But what peruailes, since free from feare
we can him neuer hide?

Sen. Let yet the wretche take his defence
moze careles there to bide,

What

TROAS

Andr. What lande vnkowne out of the the way
 what vnfrequented place,
 May keepe thee safe: who aydes our feare?
 who shall defende our case?
Hector, Hector, that euermore
 thy frendes didst well defende,
 Now chiefly ayde thy wife and childe
 and vs some succour sende.
 Take charge to keepe and couer close
 the treasures of thy wife,
 And in thy ashes hide thy son
 preserve in tombe his life.
 Draw nere my childe vnto the tombe
 why fliest thou backward so?
 Thou takst greate scozne to lurke in dens
 thy noble hart I know.
 I see thou art ashamed to feare
 Make of thy princely minde,
 And beare thy best as thee behoues
 as chaunce hath thee assinde.
 Beholde our case: and se what flocke
 remaineth now of Troy
 The tombe: I wofull captiue wretche
 and thou a self boy.
 But yelde we must to sorie fates
 thy chaunce must breake thy best,
 Go to: creepe vnderneath, thy fa-
 thers holy scates to rest.
 If ought the fates, may wretches helpe
 thou hast thy safegarde there.
 If not: all ready then pooze foole
 thou hast thy sepulchere,

Sen.

of Seneca.

Sen. The tombe him closely hides: but leaſt
your faare ſhould him betray,
Let him here lie, and farre from hence,
goe ye ſome other way.

Andr. The leſſe he feares that feares at hand
and yet if neede be ſo,
If ye thinke mee a little heere
for ſafetie let vs go.

Sen. A little while keepe ſilence now
refraine your plaint and crie,
His curſed foote now hither moues
the lord of Cephalus.

Andr. Now open earth, and thou my ſpouſe
from Styx rent vp the grounde,
Deepe in thy boſome hide my ſonne,
that he may not be founde.

Ulyſſes comes with doubtfull pace
and chaunged countenance
He knittes in hart deceitfull craft
for ſome moze greuous chaunce.

Vlyſſ. Though I be made the meſſenger
of heauy newes to you,
This one thyng firſt I ſhall deſyre
that ye take this for true.

That though the wordes come from my mouth,
and I my meſſage tell,
Of trueth yet are they none of mine
ye may beleue me well.

It is the word of all the Grekes
and they the authours be,
Whom Hector's blood doth yet forbid
their countreys for to ſee.

TIOAS

One carefull trust of peace vn sure
 doth still the Grekes Detaine,
 And euermore our doubtfull feare,
 yet draweth vs backe againe.
 And suffreth not our wearied handes,
 our weapons to forsake,
 In childe yet of Andromacha,
 while Troians comfort take.

Andr. ¶ And saith your Augure Calchas for
 Vlyss. ¶ Though Calchas nothyns sayde

Yet Hector telles it vs himself,
 of whose seede are we frayde.
 The worthy bloud of noble men
 oftymes we see it plaine,
 Doth after in their heyres succede
 and quickly springes againe.

For so the hozneles pongling yet,
 of high and sturdy beste,
 With lofty necke, and branched browe,
 doth mostly rule the rest.

The tender twig, that of the lop-
 ped stocke doth yet remaine,
 To matche the tree that bare the boughc,
 in time startes vp againe.

With equall toppe to former wood,
 the rowme it doth supplie,
 And spredde on soyle also the shade,
 to heauen his braunches hie.

Thus of one sparke by chance yet left
 it happeneth so full oft.

The fyre hath quickly sought his force
 and flameth againe aloft,

of Seneca.

So feare we yet least Hectors blond,
myght rise et it be long,
Feare castes in all the extremities
and oft interprets wrong.
If ye respekte our case, ye may
not blame these olde souldiers
Though after yeres and monthes twise fine,
they feare againe the wars.
And other trauailes, Dreading Troy,
not yet to be well won,
A great thyng doth the Grecians moue,
the feare of Hectors son.
Wid vs of feare, this staith our flecte,
and pluckes them backe againe,
And in the hauen our nauie stiches,
till Hectors blond be slaine.
Counte me not ferre for that by fates
I Hectors sonne require,
For I as well if chaunce it would
Desires Would desire.
But sins that needes it must be so,
beare it with patient hart,
And suffre that which Agamem-
non, suffred in good part.
Andr. Blas my childe would God thou weete,
yet in thy mothers hande.
And that I knew what destenies
thee helde, or in what lande.
For neuer should the mothers faith,
her tender childe forsake,
Though through my brest the enemies all,
their cruell weapons stake.

Troas

For though the Grekes, with pinching bandes
of yron : my handes had bounde,
Or els in feruent flame of fyre
beset my body rounde.

But now my little childe (poore wretch)
alas where might he bee?

Alas what cruell destiny,
what chaunce hath hapt to thee?

Art thou yet ranging in the fieldes
and wandrest there abode?

Or smothered els in dusty smoke
of Troy : or overtrode?

Or haue the Greekes thee slayne alas
and laught to see thy blood?

Or torne art thou with iawes of beastes
or cast to fowles for food?

Vlyss. Dissemble not, hard is for thee
Ulysses to disceiue,

I can full well the moethers craftes
and subtiltie perceiue,

The policy of Goddesses,
Ulysses hath vndon,

Set all these fained wordes aside,
tell me where is thy son?

Andr. Where is Hector: where all the rest?
that had with Troy their fall?

Where Priamus : you aske for one
but I require of all.

Vlyss. Thou shalt constrained be to tell
the thyng thou doost deny.

Andr. A happy chaunce wer death, to her
that doth desyre to die.

Vlyss.

of Seneca.

Vlyss. Who most despises to die : would say :
nest liue when death drawth on,
These noble wordes with present feare
of death : would soone be gon.

Andr. Alpysses if ye will constrayne
Andromacha with feare,
Threten my life, for now to die
my chiefe desire it weare.

Vlyss. With stripes, with fyre, tozmentyng death
we will the tructh out wrest,
And dolour shall thee force, to tell
the secretes of thy brest.

And what thy hart hath deepest hid
for payne thou shalt expres
Of times the extremitie ppenayles,
much moze then ientlenes.

Andr. Set me in midst of burnyng flame,
with woundes my body rent,
Use all the meanes of crueltie,
that ye may all inuent.

Prooue me with thirst, and hunger both,
and euery tozment trie,
Hearce throug my sides with burnyng yrons,
in prison let me lie.

Spare not the worst ye can deuise
(if ought be worse then this)

Yet neuer get ye moze of me
I wot not where he is,

Vlyss. It is but vaine to hide the thyng
that straight ye will deteckte,
No feares may moue the mothers hart,
We doth them all neglecte.

TROAS

This tender loue ye beare your childe,
 wherin ye stande so stoute,
 So muche moze circumspectly warnth,
 the Greekes to looke aboute.

Least after ten yeres tract of time,
 and battaile bozne so farre,
 Some one should liue that on our chil-
 dren, might renew the warre,
 As for my self, what Calchas sayeth,
 I would not feare at all.

But on Telemachus I dreade,
 the smart of warres woulde fall.

Andr. ¶ Now will I make Ulysses glad,
 and all the Greekes also,
 Needes must thou wofull wretch confesse
 declare thy hidden wo.

Keioyle ye sonnes of Atreus,
 there is no cause of dred.

Be glad Ulysses tell the Greekes,
 that Hector's sonne is ded.

Vlyss. ¶ By what assurance prouest thou that?
 how shall we credite thee?

Andr. ¶ What euer thing the enemies hand,
 may threaten, happe to me

Let speedy fates me clay forthwith,
 and earth me hide at ones,

And after death from tombe againe,
 remoue yet Hector's bones,

Except my son already now,
 do rest among the ded,

And that except Astianax,
 into his tombe be led.

Vlyss.

of Seneca.

Vlyss. ¶ Then fully are the fates fulfilled
with Hector's child's disgrace.

Now shall I beare the Grecians word,
of sure and certaine peace.

Ulysses why what dost thou now?

the Greekes will euer chone,

Believe thy wordes whome creditt thou:
the mothers tale alone.

Thinkst thou forsaue garde of her childe
the mother will not lie?

And dread the more the worse mischaunce,
to giue her sonne to die?

Her faith she bindes with bonde of othe,
the trueth to verifie,

What thing is more of weight to feare,
then so to sweare and lie?

Now call thy craftes together all,
bestiure thy wits and minde,

And show thy selfe Ulysses now,
the trueth herein to finde.

Search well the mothers minde : beholde
she weepes and waileth out,

And here and there with doubtfull pace,
she rangeth all about

Her carefull cares she doth applie,
to harken what I say,

More fraide she seemes then sorowfull,
Now worke some wily way.

For now most neede of wit there is,
and craftie pollicie,

Yet once againe by other meanes,
I will the mother trie,

D IIII

Thou

Troas

Thou wretched woman mayst reloyce,
that dead he is : alas

More dolefull death by destiny
for him decreed ther was.

From Turrets top to haue ben cast
and cruelly been slaine.

Whiche only towne of all the rest,
doth yet in Troy remaine.

Andr. My spright faileth me, my limmes do quake,
feare doth my wittes confounde,
And as the Ice congeales with frost.
my bloud with colde is bounde.

Vlyss. She trembleth so : this way, this way
I will the trueth out wrest,
The mothers feare detecteth all
the secretes of her brest.

I will renew her feare : goe sies
bestirre ye spedely,

To seeke this enemy of the Greekes,
where euer that he lye.

Well done, he will be founde at length,
go so, still seeke him out,

How shall he die : what dost thou feare?
why dost thou looke about?

Andr. Would god that any cause ther were,
yet left that might me fray.

My hart at last now all is lost,
hath layde all feare away.

Vlyss. Sins that your childe now hath ye say
already suffred death,

And with his bloud we may not purge
the hostes as Calchas sayth.

Out

of Seneca.

Our fleete passe not (as well inspired,
doth Calchas prophery)

Till Hector's ashes cast abroad,
the waues may pacifie,

And tombe be rent, now sins the boy
hath shapt his destenie.

Needes must we breake this holy tombe
where Hector's ashes lie.

Andr. What shall I doe my minde distressed,
is with double feare,

On thone my sonne, on thother side
my husbandes ashes deare,

Alas which part, should moue me most,
the cruell goddes I call,

To witnes with me in the truth,
and ghostes that guide thee all.

Hector, that nothyng in my son
is els that pleaseth mee,

But thou alone, god graunt him life,
he might resemble thee :

Shall Hector's ashes drowned be ?
bide I suche crueltie,

To see his bones cast in the seas ?
yet let Astanax die,

And canst thou wretched mother bide,
thine owne childe's death to see ?

And suffre from the hie towres top
that hedlong throwne he bee ?

I can, and will take in good part,
his death and cruell paine,

So that my Hector after death,
be not remoued againe.

The

TROAS

The boy that life and senses hath
may feele his paine and die,

But Hector loe his death hath plaske,
at rest in tombe to lie.

What dost thou stay? determine which
thou wilt preserve of twayne.

Art thou in doubte? saue this: loe here
thy Hector doth remayne

Bothe Hector's be, thone quicke of spright
and drawyng towarde his strength

And one that may perhaps reuenge
his fathers death at length.

Alas I can not saue them bothe

I thinke that best it weare,

That of the twaine I saued him,
that doth the Grecians feare.

Vlyss. ¶ It shalbe done that Calchas woozdes
to vs doth prophetic,

And now shal all this sumptuous worke
be thowne downe vterlie.

Andr. ¶ That once ye solde? Vlyss. ¶ I will it all
from toppe to bottome rende.

Andr. ¶ The faith of Goddes I call vppon
Achilles vs defende.

And Pyrrhus ayde thy fathers right

Vlyss. ¶ This tombe abroad shal lie:

Andr. ¶ O mischief, neuer durst the Grekes
thow yet suche crueltie.

Ye straine the Temples, and the Godd:
that most haue fauourde you,

The dead ye spare not, on their tombes
your furie rageth now.

of Seneca.

I will their weapons all resist
my self with naked hande,
The pze of harte shall geue me strength,
their armour to withstande.

As fierce as did the Amalones
~ beate downe the Greekes in fight,
And Menas once enspyde with God,
in sacrifice doth smight:

With speare in hande, and while with fur-
rious pace he treads the grounde,
And woode as one in rage: he strikes
and feeleth not the wounde:

So will I runne on midst of them
and on their weapons die,
And in defence of Hectors tombe,
among his ashes lie.

Vlyss. Cease ye: doth rage and furie vaine
of woman moue ye ought,
Dispatch with speede what I commaunde,
and plucke downe all to nought.

Andr. Slay me rather here with swoorde
ridde me out of the waye,
Breake vp the deepe Quern, and rid
my deskenies delaye.

Wise Hector and beset thy foes
breaake thou Vlysses pze,
A spight arte good enough for him,
beholde he casteth fyre.

And weapon makes with mighty hande
do ye not Greekes him see?

O: els doth Hectors spight appears
but only vnto me?

Downe

Troas

Vlyst. Downe quight withal. Andr. What wilt thou suf-
 fer both thy sonne be claine,
 And after death thy husbandes bones
 to be remoued againe?
 Perhaps thou maist with prayer yet
 appease the Grecians all,
 Els down to ground the holly tombe
 of Hector, straight shall fall.
 Let rather die the childe poore wretch
 and let the Grekes him kill,
 Then father and the sonne should cause
 the tone the others yll.
 Myselfe, at thy knees I fall,
 and humbly aske mercie,
 These handes that no mans feete els knew,
 first at thy feete they lie,
 Take pitie on the mothers case,
 and sorowes of my brest,
 Touchsafe my prayers to receiue,
 and graunt me my request.
 And by how much the more the goddes
 haue thee aduanced hie,
 More easely strike the poore estate,
 of wretched miserie.
 God graunt the chaste bed of thy god-
 ly wife Penelope,
 May thee receiue, and so againe
 Laerta may thee see.
 And that thy sonne Telemachus,
 may meete thee ioyfully,
 His graundfathers peres, and fathers witte,
 to passe full happely.

Take

of Seneca.

Take pittie on the mothers teares,
her little childe to saue,
He is my onely comfort left
and thonely ioy I haue.
Vlyst. **W**ryng forth thy sonne and aske.

The seconde sceane.

Andromacha.



Come hither childe out of the dens to me
thy wretched mothers lamentable roze,
This babe Vlysses, loe this babe is he,
that stealeth your ships, & feareth you so sore.
Submit thy self my son with humble hand.
and worship flat on grounde, thy maiesters feete,
Thinke it no shame, as now the case doth stand :
the thing that fortune wilch a wretch is meete,
Forget thy worthy stocke of kingly kind,
thinke not on Pyrrames great nobilitie,
And put thy father Hector from thy mind,
such as thy fortune let thy stomache bee.
Behaure thy self as captiue, bende thy knee,
and though thy grief pearce not thy tender yeres,
Yet learne to wayle thy wretched state by mee,
and take ensample at thy mother teares.
Once Troy hath seene the weeping of a childe,
when little Pyrrame turnde Alcides threates,
And he to whome all beastes in strength did yelde,
that made his way from hell, and brake their gates
his little enemies teares yet ouercame,
Pyrrame (he said) receiue thy libertie,

Troas

In seat of honoz keepe thy kingly name,
 but yet thy sceptozs rule moze faithfully
 Doe such the conquest was of Hercules
 of him yet learne your hartes to mollify.
 Do onely Hercules cruell weapons please
 and may no ende be of your crueltie?
 No lesse then Pyrame kneeles to thee this boy
 that lieth and asketh onely life of thee.
 As for the rule and gouernaunce of Troy
 where euer fortune will there let it bee.
 Take mercy on the mothers ruthfull teares
 that with their screams my cheekes do overflow.
 And spare this gileles infants tender yeares
 that humbly falleth at thy feete so lowe.

The thirde scene.

Vlyses. Andromacha.

Astyanax.



If truth the mothers greates sorow,
 doth moue my hart full sore.
 But yet the mothers of the Greekes,
 of nerde must moue me more.
 To whom this boy may cause in time
 a great calamitie.

Andr. May euer be the burnt ruines
 of Troy reedified?

And shall these handes in time to come,
 erect the towne againe?

If this be thonly helpe we haue,
 there doth no hope remaine

of Seneca.

For Troy, we stand not now in ease
to cause your feare of minde,
Doth ought anaple his fathers force,
or Roche of noble kind?
His fathers harte abated was,
he drawne the walles aboute.
Thus enell happ?, the haughtiest hart
at length they bring to nought.
If ye will needes oppresse a wretch
what thing more greuous weare,
Then on his noble necke he should
the yoke of bondage beare?
To serue in life, both any man
this to a kyng deny?
Vlyss. ¶ Not Vlysses with his death
but Calchas Prophecy.
Andr. ¶ A false inuencoz of disceite
and heynous crueltie,
By manhode of whose hand in warre,
no man did euer die.
But by disceite and craftie trayne
of minde that mischief seekes,
Before this time full many one
dead is: ye of the Greeces.
The Prophets wordes and gillies gods
sayst thou my sonne requirer
Say: mischief of thy brest it is
thou doest his death desyre.
Thou night souldier, and thought of harte
a little childe to slay,
This enterpryse thou takest alone
and that by open day.

Vlyss.

Troas

Vlyst. ¶ Mylles manhode well to Greekes
to much to you is knowne,
I may not spend the time in wordes,
our nauy will be gone.

Andr. ¶ A little stay, while I my last
farewell geue to my childe,
And haue with oft embracing him,
my greedy sorowes filde.

Vlyst. Thy greuous sorowes to redresse,
would god it lay in mee,
But at thy will to take delay
of time, I graunt it thee.

Now take thy last leaue of thy sonne,
and fill thy self with teares,
Oft times the wepyng of the eyes,
the inward grief out weares.

Andr. O deere, o swete, thy mothers pledge,
farewell my only ioy,
farewell the flowre of honour left
of Beaten house of Troy.

O Troians last calamitie
and feare to Grecians part
farewell thy mothers only hope,
and bayne comfort of hart.

Oft wisht I thee thy fathers strength,
and half thy graundfathers peres.
But all for nought, the Goddes haue all
dispointed our desyes.

Thou neuer shalt in regall court
thy sceptors take in hand
Nor to thy people geue decrease
nor leade with law thy land.

of Seneca.

Now yet thine enemies overcome
by might of handy stroke,

Now sende the conquered nations all
vnder thy seruile yoke.

Thou neuer shalt beate downe in fight
and Grekes with sword pursue,

Now at thy Chariot Pyrrhus plucke
as Achilles Hector drew.

And neuer shall these tender handes
thy weapons welde and wrest,

Thou neuer shalt in wooddes pursue
the wilde and mighty beaste.

Now as accustomde is by guile
and sacrifice in Troy,

With measure swift: betwene the an-
kers shalt thou daunce with ioy.

O greivous kinde of cruell death
that doth remaine for thee,

More wofull thyng then Hector's death
the walles of Troy shall see.

Vlyss. ¶ Now breake of all thy mothers teares
I may no more time spende,

The greivous sorowes of thy harte
will neuer make an ende.

Andr. ¶ Vlysses spare as yet my teares
and graunte a while delaye,

To close his eyes yet with my handes
er he depart away.

Thou die'st but yong: yet fearde thou art
thy Troy doth waite for thee,

Goe noble hart thou shalt againe
the noble Troians see.

Troad

Asty. **H**elp me mother? Andr. **A**las my child.
 why takest thou holde by me?
 In vaine thou calste where helpe none is
 I can not succour thee.
 As when the little tender beast
 that heares the Lyon crie,
 Straight for defence he seekes his dam
 and crouching downe doth lie.
 The cruell beast when once remos-
 ued is the dam away,
 In greedy iawe with rauenynge bit
 doth snatch the tender pray
 So straight the enemies will thee take
 and from my side thee beare.
 Receiue my kisse and teares pööze child
 receiue my rented heate.
 Depart thou hence now full of me
 and to thy father goe,
 Salute my Hector in my name
 and tell him of my woe
 Complain thy mother's grief to him
 if former cares may moue,
 The spightes: and that in funerall flame
 they leese not all their loue.
 O cruell Hector suffrest thou
 thy wife to be oppressed?
 With bonde of Grecians heauy poke
 and liest thou still at rest?
 Achilles rose: take here againe
 my teares and rented heare,
 And (all that I haue left to sende)
 this kisse thy father beare.

The

of Seneca.

Thy coate yet for my comfort leane
the tombe hath touched it

If of his ashes ought here lie

I will seeke it every whit.

Vlyn. ¶ There is no measure of thy teares

I may no longer stay

Deferre no farther our returne

break of our shippes delay.

Chorus altered by the translator.

One that leadst the lampes of fire
and deckt with flaming starres the sky
Why is it ever thy desyre
to care their course so orderly?

That now the frost the leaues hath woyn

and now the spring doth cloath the tree,

Now fyrr Leo ripes the Corne

and still the soyle should changed be?

But why art thou that all dost guide

betwene whose handes the poales do sway

And at whose will the Dybes do slide

careles of mans estate alway?

Regarding not the good mans case,

nor caryng how to hurt the ill

Chaunce beareth rule in every place,

and turneth mans estate at will.

She geues the wrong the vpper hande

the better parte she doth oppresse,

She makes the highest low to stande

her kingdome all is orderlesse.

¶ parfit pzoofe of her frailtie,

the princely towres of Troy bet downe

Troas

The flowre of Asia here ye see
With turne of hande quight ouerthrowne
The ruthfull ende of Hectors sonne
Whome to his death the Greekes haue led
His satall howre is come and gone
and by this time the childe is ded:
Yet still alas more cares encrease,
O Troians dolefull destenie,
fast doth appoche the maydes decease
and now Polyxena shall die.

The fourth acte.

Helena. Andromacha.

Hecuba.



That euer wofull wedding yet,
were cause of funerall,
Of wailing, teares, bloud, laughter els
or other mischiefs all,
I woorthy matche for Helena,
and meete for me it ware,
My wedding toke hath bin the cause,
of all the Troians care.
I am constrainde to hurt them yet,
after their ouerthrowne
The false and fained mariages,
of Pyrrhus must I shewe.
And geue the mayde the Greekes attire
and by my policie,
shall Paris sister be betrayde,
and by disceit shall die.

But

of Seneca.

But let her be beguiled thus,
the les should be her paine
If that vnware, without the feare
of death: she might be slaine.
What ceasest thou the will of Greekes,
and message to fulfill?
Of hurt constrainde the faute returneth
to thauthor of the ill.
O noble virgin of the fa-
mous house: and Roche of Troy,
To thee, the Grecians haue me sent
Telling thee newes of ioy.
The gods eye on thy afflicted state,
more mercifull they be,
A great and happy marriage loe,
they haue prepared for thee.
Thou neuer should if Troy had Roode,
so nobly wedded bee,
Nor Pyram neuer could preferre
thee to so hie degree.
Whom flowre of all the Grecian name,
the prince of honour longer hie,
That beares the scepters ouer all,
the lande of Thessalie,
Doth in the law of wedlocke chose
and for his wife require,
To sacred rightes of lawfull bed,
doth Pyrrhus thee desire
Loe Chetys great withall the rest,
of gods that guide by sea.
Eche one shall thee account as theirs
and ioy by wedding dea.

Troas

And Peleus shall thee daughter call,
 when thou art Pyrrhus wife,
 And Aeneas shall account thee his
 the space of all thy life.
 Put of thy mourning garment now,
 this regall vesture weare
 Forget henceforth thy captiue state,
 and semely bryde thy heare.
 Thy fall hath lift thee higher vp,
 and doth thee more aduancee,
 Oft to be taken in the warre,
 doth brynge the better chaunce
 Andr. ¶ This ill the Troians neuer knew
 in all their griefes and payne,
 Before this time ye neuer made,
 vs to reioyle in vaine.
 Troy towres geue light, O semely time
 for mariage to be made
 Who would refuse the wedding day
 that Helayne doth perswade?
 The Plague and Rune of eche parte
 beholde doste thou not see,
 These tombes of noble men: and how
 their boanes here scattered bee?
 Thy bryde bed hath bene cause of this
 for thee all these be ded,
 for thee the bloud of Asia both
 and Europe hath bene shed.
 When thou in ioy and pleasure both
 the fighting folke from farre,
 haste vnde: in doubt to whom to wille
 the glory of the warre.

of Seneca.

Go to prepare the marriages
what neede the torches light?
Beholde the towres of Troy do shine
with bandes that blase ful bright.
O Troians all set to your handes,
this wedlocke celebrate:
Lament this day with wofull cry
and teares in seemely rate.
Hele. Though care do cause the want of wit
and reasons rule denie,
And heauy hap doth oft times hate
his mates in miserie,
Yet I befoze most hateful iudge
dare well defende my parte,
That I of all your greivous cares
sustaine the greatest smarte.
Andromacha for Hector weepes,
for Priam Hecuba,
For onely Paris priuie
bewayleth Helena.
A harde and greivous thing it is
captiuitie to beare,
In Troy that yoke I suffered long
a prisoner whole ten yeare.
Turne are the fates, Troy beaten downe,
to Greece I must reapeare,
The native countrey to haue lost
is ill, but woozle to feare.
For dreade therof you neede not care
your euilles all be past,
On me both partes will vengeance take
all lightes to me at last.

Exit

Whom

Troas

Whom eche man prisoner takes God wot
he standes in Clipper stay,
And me not captiue made by lot
yet Paris led away,
I haue bene cause of all these warres
and then your woes were wrought,
When first your Shippes the Spartane seas
and lande of Grecia sought.
But if the Goddesse wilde it so
that I their pray should bee,
And for reward to her beauties iudge
she had appointed me,
Then pardon Paris: thinke this thyng
in wrathfull iudge doth lie,
The sentence Menelaus geues
and he this case shall trie.
Now turne thy plaintes Andromacha,
and weepe for Polyxene,
Mine eyes for sorowes of my haer,
their teares may not refreyne.
Andr. Alas what care makes Heleyne weeper?
what griefe doth she lament?
Declare what craftes Ulysses castes,
what mischief hath he sent?
Shall she from height of Idey hill
be hedlong tumbled downe?
Or els out of the Turrets topps
in Troy, shall she be throwne?
Or will they cast her from the clines,
into Hygeon seas?
In bottome of the surgyng waues,
to ende her ruthfull daies?

Shew

of Seneca.

Show what thy countenance hides, and tell
the secretes of thy brest:

Some woes in Pyrrhus wedding are
farre worse then all the rest.

Goe to, geue sentence on the mayde,
pronounce her destenie:

Delude no lenger our mishaps,
we are prepaide to die.

Hel. Would God the poulder of the gods
would geue his dome so right:

That I also on point of sword
might leese the lothsome light,

Or at Achilles tombe, with stroke
of Pyrrhus hand be claine:

And beare a part of all thy fates
O wretched Polyxene.

Whom yet Achilles wooth to wed,
and where his ashes lie,

Requireth that thy blood be shed,
and at his tombe to die.

Andr. Beholde loe, how her noble minde
of death doth gladly heare,

She deck? her self: her regall weede,
in seemely wise to weare,

And to her hed she setteth her hande,
the brydded heare to lay,

To wed she thought it death: to die,
she thinkes a wedding day.

But helpe, alas, my mother soundes,
to heare her daughters death,

Wife: pluche vp your hart and take
again the pantyng breath.

Black

Black good mother how slender staye
 that doth thy life sustaine?
 A little thyng shall happre thee.
 thou art almost past thy paine.
 Her brethe returns: He doth reuine,
 her limmes their life do take.
 So se when wretches faine would die,
 how death doth them forsake.
 Hec. **C** Doth yet Achilles liue alas,
 to worke the Troians spight?
 Doth he rebell against vs yete
 O hande of Parys light.
 The very tombe and ashes loe,
 yet thirsteth for our bloud;
 A happy heape of childern late,
 on euery side me stood.
 It wried me to deale the mo-
 thers kisse among them all
 The rest are lost and this alone,
 now doth me mother call.
 Thou only child of Heube,
 a comfort left to mee.
 A staye of my soyy state
 and shall I now leese thee?
 Depart O wretched soule, and from
 this carefull carcass flie,
 And ease me of such ruthfull fates,
 to se my daughter die.
 My weepng wettes alas my eyes,
 and staines them ouer all;
 And down my cheekes the sodain streames
 and howyes of teares do fall.

But

of Seneca.

But thou dere doughter maist be glad

Lassandra woulde reioyse,

O! Hectors wife thus wed to be
if they might haue their choyse.

Andr. ¶ We are the wretched Hecuba
in cursed case we stande,

Whom straight the shippe shall tolle by seas
into a fozeine lande.

But as for Heleyns grieues be gone
and turned to the best,

She shall againe her native coun-
treys se: and liue at rest.

Hele. ¶ Ye woulde the more enuy my state
if ye might know your owne,

Andr. ¶ And grouche there yet more grief to me
that erke I haue not knowne?

Hele. ¶ Such maisters must ye serue as doth
by chaunce of lots befall

Andr. ¶ Whose seruant am I then become
whome shall I maister call?

Hele. ¶ By lot ye fall to Pyrrhus hands
you are his prisoner.

Andr. ¶ Cassandra is happy & free saues
perhaps and hebus her.

Hele. ¶ These king of Troies Lassandra keepes
and his captiue is she.

Hec. ¶ Is any one among them all
that prisoner woulde haue mer?

Hele. ¶ You chaunted to Hylas are
his pray ye are become.

Hec. ¶ Alas what oruell, dyse and pyre
full dealer of the dome.

What

TYOAS

What god vnjust doth so deuide,
 the captiues to their lordes?
 What greuous arbiter is he?
 that to such choyse accordes,
 What cruell hand to wretched folke,
 so euill fates hath caste?
 Who hath among Achilles ar-
 mour, Hectors mothers plater?
 How am I captiue and beset,
 with all calamitee.
 My bondage greues me not, but him
 to serue it Hameth mee.
 He that Achilles spoyles hath won,
 shall Hectors also haue:
 Shall barraine lande enclosde with seas,
 receiue my boanes in graue?
 Leade me Hylles where thou wilt,
 leade me, I make no stay,
 My maister I, and me my fates,
 shall follow every way.
 Let neuer calme come to the seas,
 but let them rage with winde,
 Come fire and sword, mine owne mischaunce
 and Pziamus let me finde.
 In meane time hope this deepe distress
 my cares can know no calme:
 I ran the race with Pziamus
 but he hath won the Palme,
 But Pyrrhus comes with swiftened pace
 and thzetting browes doth wzeist.
 What stayest thou Pyrrhus? Strike thy sword
 now thzough this wofull bzeist.

End

of Seneca.

And both at ones the parent; of
thy fathers wife now slay,
Murderer of age, likes thee her bloud:
he draw my daughter away
Defile the gods and staine the spzighes,
of hell with slaughtred bloud,
To aske your mercy what auayles?
our pzaiers do no good.
The vengeance aske I on your ships,
that it the gods may pleas,
Accordyng to this sacrifice,
to guide you on the seas.
This wishe I to your thousand sayles,
Gods wꝛath light on them all,
Euen to the ship that beareth me,
what euer may befall.

Chorus.

A Comfort is to mans calamitie
A dolefull flocke of felowes in distress.
And sweete to him that mournes in miserie
To heare them wayle whome sorowes like oppres
In depest care his griefe him bites the les,
That his estate bewailes not all alone,
But seeth with him the teares of many one.

For still it is the chiefe delight in woe,
And ioy of them that sonke in sorowes are,
To se like fates byfall to many moe,
That may take parte of all their wofull care,
And not alone to be opprest with care.
There is no wight : of woe that doth complaine,
When all the rest do like mischaunce sustaine.

Troas

In all this worlde if happy man were none,
None (though he were) would thinke himself a wretch,
Yet once the ricche with heapes of golde be gone,
Whose hundzed hed his pastours ouerretche,
Then would the pooze mans hart begin to stretch
There is no wretch whose life him doth displease
But in respect of those that liue at ease.

Sweet is to him that standes in deepe distress,
To see no man in ioyfull plight to be,
Whose only vessell, winde and waue oppres,
Full soze his chaunce bewayles and wepeth he,
That with his owne none others wacke doth se
When he alone maketh shipwack on the lande
And naked falles to long desyzed lande.

A thousande sayle who seeth to dzenche in seas
With better will the storme hath ouerpast
His heauy hap doth him the lesse displease
When broken boardes abroad be many cast
And shipwackt shippes to shore they flit full fast,
With doubled waues when stopped is the flood,
With heape of them that there haue lost their good.

Full soze did Phryxus Hellens losse complayne,
What time the leader of his flocke of shepe,
Vpon his backe alone he bare them twaine,
And wet his golden lockes amid the depe.
In piteous plaint alas he gan to wepe
The death of her it did him depe displease,
That shipwack made amyd the dzenchyng seas.

And

of Seneca.

And piteous was the plaint and heauy moode
Of wofull Pyrrha and eke Deucalion,
That nought behelde about them but the floode,
When they of all mankinde were left alone
Ampe the seas full soze they made their mone
To se themselves thus left alque in woe
When neither lande they saw nor fellows moe.

Anon these plaints, and Troianes teares shall quail,
And here and there the shippe them tosse by seas
When trompets sounde shall warne to hoyle by saile
And through the wauers with winde to seeke their waies:
Then shall these captiues goe to ende their daies
In land vnknowne: when once with hasty oze
The drenching depe they take and Monne the Moze.

What state of minde shall then in wretches be,
When Moze shall sinke from sight and seas arise?
When I dey hill to lurke aloofe they see?
Then poynr with hand from farre where Troia lye,
Shall childe and mother: talkyng in this wise:
Loe yonder Troy, where smoke it fumeth hye,
By this the Troianes, shall their countrey spie.

The fifth acte.

Messenger. Andromacha.

Hecuba.



Dye fierre, wretched, horrible,
O cruell fates accurst,
Of Mars his ten yeres blonded blowes,
The wofull and the wurst.
Alas which should I first bewayle
thy cares Andromacha?

Troas

O els lament the wretched age
of wofull Hecuba?

Hec. ¶ What euer mans calamities
ye wayle, for mine it is.

I beare the smart of all their woes
eche other feeles but his.

Who euer he, I am the wretch,
all happes to me at last.

Mef. ¶ Slaine is the mayde, and from the walles
of Troy: the childe is cast.

But both, (as them became) they tooke
their death with stomacke stout.

Andr. ¶ Declare the double slaughters then,
and tell the whole throughout.

Mef. ¶ One towre of all the rest ye know,
doth yet in Troy remaine,

Where Pryam wonted was to sit,
and betwix the armies twaine.

His little Nephew eke with him
to leade and from a farre,

His fathers fightes with fire and swoorde
to Howe, and seates of warre.

This towre, sometime well knowne by fame,
and Troians honoz most.

Is now with captaines of the Greekes,
beset on every coast.

With swift recourse and from the Shippes,
in clustred heapes anone.

Both tagge and ragge, they runne to gale,
what thyng should there be done,

Some clime the hilles, to seeke a place,
where they might see it best,

Some

of Seneca.

Some on the rockes a tiptoe stand,
to ouerlooke the rest.

Some on their temples weare the Vine,
some Beeche, some crownes of Bay,

Foz garlandes tozne is euery tree,
that standeth in their way,

Some from the highest mountaines top,
aloofe beholdeth all

Some scale the buildynges halfe iburnt,
and some the ruynous wall.

Ye some there were (O mischief loe)
that foz the moze despight,

The tombe of Hector sitt vpon
beholders of the sight.

With princely pace Illysses then,
past thzough the preased bande

Of Greekes, kyng Pryames little Res
phew, leadyng by the hande,

The childe with vnrepining gate
past thzough his enemies handes,

Up toward the walles, and as anone
in turrets top he standes,

From thence adowne, his lostie lookes
he cast on euery parte,

The neerer death moze free from care
he seemde, and feare of harte.

Amid his foes, his stomake swelles,
and fierce he was to fight,

Like Tygers whelp, that threats in vaine
with toothlesse chap to bight.

Wlas, foz pittie then ethe one,
rew on his tender yeares,

f

And

Troas

And al the route that present were,
for him they shed their teares,
Yea not Ulysses them restraynde,
but tricklyng downe they fall,
And onely he, wept not, (poore foole,)
whome they bewayled all.

But whyle on Gods Ulysses calde,
and Lachas woozds expounde,
In midste of Pyrrames lande alas,
the childe leapte downe to grounde.

Andr. What cryell Colchus coude oz scithe
such slaughter take in hande?

Oz by the Moze of Caspyan sea,
what barbarous lawles lande

Bulzydes to thaulters yet,
no infantes bloud hath shed:

For neuer yet were childzen slaine,
for feast of Dyomed.

Who shall alas in tombe thes lay,
oz hide thy limmes agayne?

Mel. What limmes from such a hedlong fall,
coude in a childe remayne?

His bodie payse, throwne downe to grounde,
hath battered all his boanes,

His face, his noble fathers markes,
are spoylde against the stoanes.

His necke vnioynted is, his hed
so dashed with flint stone stroake,

That scattered is the brayne aboute,
the sculle is all to broake.

Thus lieth he now dismembred corpe,
desoynde, and all to rent.

of Seneca.

Andr. **T**Loe herein doth he yet likewise,
his father represent.

Mef. **W**hat time the childe, hath hedlong falne
thus from the walles of Troy,

And all the Greekes them selues betwaylde,
the slaughter of the boy,

Yet streight returne they backs, and at
Achilles tombe againe

The seconde mischief go to worke,
the death of Polyxene

This tombe the waues of surgyng seas,
beset the vtter syde,

The other parte the feeldes encloase
about, and pastours wide.

In vale enuyroned with hilles,
that rounde about do rise,

A cloape on height erected are
the bankes, in theater wise.

By all the Moze then swarme the Greekes,
and thicke on heapes they please:

Some hoape that by her death, they shall
their shippes delay release.

Some other ioy, their enemies stroke
thus beaten downe to bee:

A greate parte of the people, bothe
the slaughter hate and see.

The Troians eke, no lesse frequent
their owne calamities,

And all affrayde, behelde the last
of all their miseries.

When fyrst proceeded torches bryght
as guise of wedlock is.

f ii

And

TROAS

And authoz thereof led the way
the lady Cyndaris.

Such wedlocks (pray the Troians then)
god send Hermyona.

And would god to her husband so,
restorde wer Helena.

Feare made eche parte, but Polyxene,
her baselooke downe cast:

And moze then erste her glitteryng eyes,
and bewey shinde at last.

As sweetest semes then Phebus light,
when downe his beames do sway,

When starres agayne, with night at hand,
opprest the doubtfull day.

Astonied much the people were,
and all, they her commende.

And now much moze then euer erst,
they prayde her, at her ende.

Some with her beauty moued were,
some with her tender peares:

Some to beholde the turnes of chaunce,
and how eche thyng thus weares.

But most them moues her valiant minde,
and losey stomache hie,

So strong, so stout, so ready of heart,
and well preparse to die.

Thus passe they furth and holde, befoze
kyng Prythus gothe the mayde,

They pittie her, they meruell her,
their heartes wer all afrayde.

So soone as then, the hard hill top,
(where die she should) they trode,

And

of SENECA.

And he vpon his fathers tombe,
the yowthfull Pyrrhus stode.
The manly mayde she neuer shonke,
one foote, nor backwarde drew
But boldly turnes to meete the stroke,
with route vncchanged hew
Her corage moues eche one, and loe
a strange thing monstrous like.
That Pyrrhus euen himself stode still,
for dread, and durst not strike.
But as he had, his glitteryng sworde
in her to hiles vp doon,
The purple bloud, at most all wounde,
then gushing out it spoon.
Yet her corage her forsooke,
when dieng in that stounde,
She fell as ther she should her reuenge,
with frefull rage to grounde.
Eche people wept: the Troians first,
with pteuic fearefull crie,
The Grecians eke, eche one bewaylde,
her death, apparantly.
This order had the sacrifice,
her bloud the tombe vp dronke,
No drop remainth aboue the grounde,
but downe forthwith it sooke.
Hec. ¶ Now go, now go ye Grekes, and now,
repayre ye safely home.
With careles ships, and hoysed sayles,
now cut the salt sea fume.
The childe and virgin, both be claine,
your battels finisht are.

Troas

Wlas where shall I ende my age?
or whether beare my care?
Shall I my daughter, or my nes
phew? or my husband mone?
My contrey els, or all at once?
or els my selfe alone?
My withe is deathe, that children both
and virgins fierly takes
Where euer cruell death doth haste
to strike, it me forsakes,
Amid the enemies weapons all,
amid bothe sword and fyre,
All night sought for, thou fleest from me,
that do the most desyre.
Not flame of fyre, not fall of towre,
nor cruell enemies hande,
Hath rid my life. how neere alas,
coude death to Pyrame stande?
M.c. ¶ Now captives all, with swift recourse
repayre ye to the seayes,
Now spreade the ships, their sayles abroade,
and sooth they seeke their wayes.

FINIS.

